

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD;
A SCOTS PASTORAL
COMEDY.

*The gentle Shepherd sat beside a Spring,
Ali in the Shadow of a bushy Brier,
That Colin heicht, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his Song did lere.*

Spencer, p. 1113.

B Y
A L L A N R A M S A Y.

The Sixteenth EDITION with the SANGS.

To which is added,

RICHEY and SANDY,
A
P A S T O R A L

On the Death of

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Newcastle: Printed and sold by T. SAINT.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *The gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *A rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *A Hynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *Thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *An old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE.

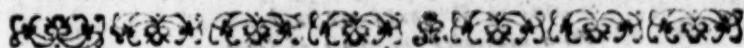
*A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few Miles from
the City of Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within twenty-four Hours.





T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Beneath the South side of a craggy build,
Where christal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthful shephe'ds on the g'wans lay,
Tending their flocks ae bonny morn of May,
Poor Roger granes till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE
SANG I. The waking of the Fauld.

*MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nat very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld,*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But she gars all my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the gown,
That I look down upon a crown.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bould;
And naething gives me sic delight,
As waking of the fauld,*

4 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act I.

*My Peggy sings sae safely,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae safely,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sence,
At waking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How handsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chime o'er their pleasing rants!
How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie!* to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempest may cease to jaw the row and flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for lambkins blood:
But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flower and quit the hive,
The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans or loss of wardly gear,
Shall spill my rest or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whafe faul's sae sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young;
If I but ertle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up the leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought,
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as many ane may think, come farther ben.

Patie. But ablins, Neighbour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byer tumbled, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elc shot were, yet I these ills endured;

In

Act I. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 5

In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of weathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine;
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashs fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss.
Oh! may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench.
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou art dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sould them ilka clute,
At the *West Port*, and bought a winsome flute.
Of plumbree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound:
I'll be merry wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than ye with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorry *Jenny's* pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed no, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is nae hing I'll keep frae you.

Me dorry *Jenny* looks upon a squin',
To speak but till her I date hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeets me air and late,
And gais nte look bombaz'd and unka blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly coated kow:
She *Bawldy* loves, *Bawldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says, I smell o' tar.

Patie. But *Bawldy* lo'es not her, right well I wat,
He sighs for *Neps*.—Sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd nae lo'e her—But in vain;
I stit maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My *Bawdy* is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast,

6 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. A&I.

When I begin to urne my flock and horn,
With a' her face she shews a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cusin speed'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like; I dinna care:
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn gaber chuck?
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I needna make sic speed my blood to spill:
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way,
Seem careless, there's my hand, ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lair I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee:
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me:
For yet the Sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist,
Her coats were kiltit and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw:
Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like any hinny peer.
Neat, neat she was, in busline waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny Meg come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can gess ye're gawn to gather dew.
She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first—then bad me hound my dog
To wear up three waft ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste,
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste:
About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

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A&I.

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A&I. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 7

While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came louping to my lips,
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.

S A N G II. Fy gae rub her o'er with frae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse.—Then be not blate,
Push Bauldy on, and win the day.*

*When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist,
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger. Kind *Patie*, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten aye: For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
My mother (rest her faul) she made it fine,
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawtlock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
With springs like gowd and silver, cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye worthy o't, wha' have sae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Well, had ye there:— And since ye've frankly made
A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute be yours; and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't,
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right,

Be

8 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. A&I.

Be that time, banocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise,
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell

ACT I. SCENE II.

*A flow'rie how between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claires,
A trotting burnie whimpling throw the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
Whio Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sence true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farther up the burn to *Habie's-how*,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grows;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a sing and din;
A pool, breast deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,
There wash our sels.—'Tis healthfou now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
If our twa herds come bratling down the brae,
And see us sae, That jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're out lane,
What gars you plague your wooer with disdain!
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend,

He

A&I. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 9

1. He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
 With ribbon-knots, as his blew bonnet lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a jee,
 And spreads his garters die'd beneath his knee:
 He faulds his owerlay down his breast with care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
 For that he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.
 Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride;
 Hatred for love is unco said to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
 What's like a dory maiden when she's auld?

S A N G III. Polwaist on the green

*The dory will repent
 If lover's heart grows cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld:
 The daunted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and narrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by its sell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I:—But love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himself,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glow'rs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slavery like and may be free;
 The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways, for me I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lais! how can you loo that rattle-scall,
 A very deel that a' maun hae his will;
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
 You twa will lead sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG

10 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* A&I.

S A N G. IV. O dear mother what shall I do.

O dear Peggy love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of naught but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthful joys.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But sa her think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount the bridal bed,
Where on my *Patie's* breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs, as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He gets his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part,
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.
Fenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikie o'ye with an unka fraile,
And daut ye both afore folk and your lape,
But soon as his new fangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his teather-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delight,
Ae be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be in his barlikhoods ae'er sick
To lend his loving wife a lound'ring lick.

Peggy. Sic course spun thoughts as they want pith to move
My sent'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love,
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread no other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een,
And then he speaks with such a raking art;
His words they thistle like musick through my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
Heist—But what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is.
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seems coofs, compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-natur'd befs in souls are weak and poor.

Fenny.

A&I. 2

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Peggy.

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A&I. The GENTLE SHEPHERD 11

Jenny. Hey bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a fang;
O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syn'e whinging gets about your ingle-side,
Telping for this or that with fatheous din;
To mak' hem brate them ye maun toil and spin:
A waen ta's sick, she scads it sell wi' broe,
And breaks his hin, anither tynes his shoe.
The deil gaes o'er John Weikert: Hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

S A N G V. How can I be sad on my wedding-day.

Peggy. How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e
That has better sense than any of thae,
Sour weak silly fellows, that stude like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' sailing, but find an excuse.

Yes, 'tis a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife,
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow *Jenny*: can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in rearing day and night
The like of them, when Love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the worst of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw;
But little love, or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry room.
Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae af the howms your dainty rucks of hay;—
The thick blawn wreaths of saw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your weathers, and may rot your ews:
A dyvor buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
With glooman brows the Taird seeks in his rent:
'Tis not to gie your merchant's to the bent;
His honour manna want, he points your gear:
Syn'e driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?

Dear

12 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. A&I. A&I.

Dear *Meg*, be wise, and lead a single life,
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill lucks befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode we'll, and strive to do their best,
Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty men could never get
A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For hailfome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we through the wald will steer.
And when my *Patie* in bairns and geer grows rise,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young gigit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his half worn *Meg*,
And her kend kisses were not worth a seg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear *Jenny* to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the feily great, when nature kind
Has blest them with the solitude of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wyes are maist to blame,
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art,
To keep him chearsu', and secure his heart.
At E'en when he comes weary frae the hild,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will,
In winter, when he tofs through wind and rain;
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth stane:
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The saehing pot's be ready to take aff.
Clean hag a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny.

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Act I. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 13

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as fowk grows auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure, a firmer tye,
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride,
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it fra the west.
Sic as stand single—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done,—I yield; dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

S A N G VI. *Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us.
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peggy. Alas! poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wic thing tak the air:
Haste let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bawldy's* or poor *Roger's* man.

Jenny. Another time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the greath:—If canker'd *Madge*, our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

Exeunt.

END of the FIRST ACT.

B

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
Hens on the middling, ducks in the dubs are seen:
On this side stands a barn, on that a lye;
A peet-back joins, and forms a rural square,
The house is Glaud's,—there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-morrow nighbour Symon:—come sit down,
and gi'es your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd quey;
I'll warrant ye've cost a pound of cut and dy:
Lug out your box, and gi'es a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart:—And tent me now, auld boy,
I've gither'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
I coudna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hethier braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah *Symmie*: rathling chieles near stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand;
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire, far and near:
But loose your pock, be't true or false let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*; and I've seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great *MONTROSE*.
Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane 'ca'd *MONK*
Has play'd the rumple a right fice beunk,
Restor'd King *CHARLES*; and ilka thing's in tune;
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

SANG VII. *Cald Kale in Aberdene.*

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung a' up in a woody.
Elest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Glaud.

ACT II. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 15

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed:—But dinna flaw;
Tell 'er your news again! and swear till'r a',
And saw ye *Hab!* And what did *Habert* say;
They have been e'en a duty time away.
Now God be thank'd that our laird's come hame,
And his estate say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairns dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he ling; for never did he stent
Us, in our thriving, with a racket rent.
Nor grumbld if ane grow rich, or stor'd to raise
Our mailins when we put on *Sunday's* claiiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet. *Symon*;—take a seat—

"How's all at hame? How's *Elspa*? How does *Pate*?

"How sell's black cattle?—What gies woo this year?"

And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

S A N G VIII. Mucking of *Geordy's* byar.

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack-horse that's unfather'd,
And burden'd will ramble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tane their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his builer bring bedeen,
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean:
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?
We'll send for *Elspa* to;—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the heighs,
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the weist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brow,
And gar our cottars a' man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tane they gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna hank my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine:
For heer yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa weathres prime and fat.

91 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT II. ACT II.

A surlet of good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large ham hings reestling in the nook.
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that scalds the whey put on,
A mutton bouk to boil;—and aye we'll roast;
And on the haggies *Elspa* spares nae cost.
Small are they shorn; and the can mix fou nice
The gussy ingans with a curn of spice.
Fat are the puddings.—Heads and feet well sung,
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
I manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye all your family, and then
Whene'er ye please I'll rant wi' ye again.

Gland. Spoke like yourself, auld birky; never fear,
But at your banquet I shall first appear!
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or anid.
Auld said I!—Tioth I'm younger by a score
With your good news than what I was before.
I'll dance or c'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here.
What wad ye *Gland*, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gland. Spin, snuff:—Gae break your wheel and burn
And set the meikle peet-stack in a low, (your tow,
Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha has tald you o't?

Gland. What's that to you?—Gae get my *Sunday's* coat?
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands;
My white skin hose and mittans for my hands.
Then, frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'er fells as trig, head, feet, and waste;
As ye were a' to get young lads ere c'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest *Madge*,—and, *Gland*, I'll o'er the gate.
And see that a' be done as I wad ha't.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.*

As

a II. **ACT II. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 17**

*At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulted arms, and half-rai'd Looks ye see.*

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell
To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell?
O *Peggy*! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than oughr that in the forest grows,
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For *Fate* looes her,—waes me, and she looes *Fate*,
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky fate,
Made a dast vow!—O but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
I dare na speak my mind else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis fare to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here *Maufy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantrips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk yards she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of her graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow.
And rins withershins about the hemlock low;
Seven times does her prayers backward say,
Till *Plowcock* comes with lumps of *Lapland* clay.
Mixt with the venom of black tairs and snakes,
Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of any ane she hates:—and gars expire,
With flaw and recking pains afore a fire;
Stuck fou of prines, the devilish pictures melt,
The pain by fowk the represent is felt.
And yonder's *Maufe*: Ay, ay she kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes running to the deil.
She and her cat sits beaking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive,
They gallop fast that deils and lassies drive.

Exit.

18 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT II. *AA II. AA II.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard, a little font,
Where water popland springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkle font,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Caile and the King come.*

*Mause. Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come:
Nae mair the hawks shall thou milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter Bauldy.

*Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at three score ten.*

*Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.*

*What brings my bairn this gae sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?*

*Bauldy. Enough of baith:—But something that requires
Your helping hand, imploy's now all my cares.*

*Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poorish bow?*

*Bauldy. Ay, but you're wife, and witer far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.*

*Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest.*

*Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I loud tell.*

*Mause. What fouk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.*

*Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.*

*When last the wind made Gland a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mother's yarn;*

*When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;*

*When Bessy Frierock's chuffy checked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cudna stand its lane;*

*When Wanie wander'd a' night throw the shaw,
And rint himsel amaisht among the snaw;*

*When Mungo's mare stood still and swat with fright,
When he brought East the howdy under night;*

When

ACT II. AAIL THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 19

When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the green,
And *Sara* tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You *Lucky*, gat the weight of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neist make groats, I'll strive to please
You wth a furlet of them mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank you lad—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like *Peggy*,—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Pate*—and *Pate*'s bauld and slee,
And loos sweet *Mig*: But *Neps* I downa see—
Could ye turn *Patie*'s love to *Neps*, and than,
Peggy's to me.—I'll be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gat the bouls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again at night.
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and groats, take ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind,
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night sae mirk I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at *Symon*'s at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans, for a jest?

And there ye can our different haviours spy:
There's nae shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what past
'Tween you and me. else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. It I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*. *Exit Bauldy.*

Mause her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, thould in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch*.
This fool imagines, as do many sic,
That I'm a witch in campast wth *Auld Nick*:
Because by education I was taught,
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
None ken't but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gat them a' sing dumb.

ACT

20 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* A & H.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Behind a tree upon the plain
Patie and his Peggy meet;
In love without a vicious strain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O Patie let me gang, I mauna stay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge as we.
Here where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let's lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds sooth through the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows,—birds—and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind:
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind:
Gif I cou'd fancy ought sae sweet or fair,
As my dear Megg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may feach,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I da na stay—ye joker let me gang,
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang,
Your thoughts may flir, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her kindness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece:
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to, wa in half a year.

Now

ACT II. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 21

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steel
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was danted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Pate. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Though we're but young, I've lov'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou could'st hardly gang,
Or lip out words, I choose ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
A't to the tansy knowe, or rathy-strand,
Thou smiling by my side—I took a delyte
To pou the rather green, with roots 'ae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy could, I
For thee I plet the flowry be't and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill;
To hear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pate. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wiesle, run, or put the flane,
And wan the day, my heart was flattering fain:
At all those sports thou gavest joy to me;
For nane can wiesle, run, or put with thee.

Pate. *Fenny* sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*;
And *Rosie* liltis sweetly the *Milking of the ewes*;
There's nane like *Nancy*, *Fenny Nettle* sings,
At turns in *Meggy Lawder*, *Marion dings*:
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill,
The *Boatman* or the *Lass of Pate's mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sung weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lassies trou what they desire;
And roos'd by them we love, blows up the fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and all my cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleatant is for thee.

The foregoing with a small variation, was sung at the
acting as follows.

S A N G X. The yellow hair'd laddie.

Peggy. When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first try'd my young skill,

T.

22 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. A& II A& I

To bear the milk-bowie nae toil was to me,
When I at the hughing forgather'd with thee.

Patie. When corn-rigs wad yellow, and blew hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gava trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was a' fain:
Thy iika sport many, gave pleasure to me;
For none can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie. Our Jenny ngs lassie the Cowden Broom Knows
And Roly lits sweetly the Milking the Ewes;
There's few Jenny Neule's like Nancy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bessie gars our lags ring
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads of the Mill
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy. How easy can lasses trow what they desire;
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my Lucy shall do
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a g'let gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At nought they'll ferly—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly hights, for trifles grieve:—
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly—now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wad not be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last night on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Patie. ————— Well I agree,

S A N G X I.

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should you deny.

II. ACT III. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 23

Peggy. But ken ye, lad, gif we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

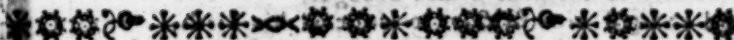
Patie. But gin they ling o'er lang upon the trees
Their sweetness they may line, and sae may ye;
Red cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have tho'd and woo'd a long half-year.

Peggy falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And min' nae farther till we get the grace.
Patie, with his left hand about her waist,
O charming arms! heit ye cares a day,
I'll kiss my treasure all the live-lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Both. an gallop down the westlin Skies,
Gae soon to bed and quickly rise;
Or ash your steed, post time away,
And haste about o'er bridal day:
And if ye're wearied, honest night,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

END of the SECOND ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And rent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time.
An elwand fills his hand, his halis mean;
Nae doubt ye I think he has a pealar been:
But whist! it is the Knight in masquerade,
That comes hid'n this cloud to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal-s'flerer moves
Thro' his auld armour, o'er delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a spate unknow'n delight mine eyes;

With

24 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* A & II A &

With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fain frae their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the most complear,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet:
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hiacinths or eglintines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nest'line branches ae did bield,
And bak'd in rays which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use?
All sound in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
And from what stands the withered branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd:—and now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows. S A N G XII. *Happy clown.*

Hid from himself now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blown,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks,
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day,

Unsung

Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Live curvily weathercocks.
 Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unsully'd with a crime;
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now towards good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling To-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring
 My youthfu' tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit.

A& III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the Floor:
 The green horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On Skelfs fore against the door;
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young ourfels—I like to see
 The bairns bob round other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never had.
 Among our lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cliverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us bairns,
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane;
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye well ken; a bonier needna be,
 Nor better be't she were nae kin to me.

C

Sym

26 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. A& III.*

Symon. Ha, *Gland*! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools mysell.

Gland. What reason can ye have? There's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind:
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that ay at milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Gland*, but dinna speer,
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day aught days, likely ye shall learn,
That our denial does na slight your bairn.

Gland. Well nae mair o't—come gie's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths whatever way it end.

(Their healths gae round)

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Gland*—by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your Hallon-side, 'ae morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Gland. That clatteran *Madge*, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves and gie's our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house To-day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my grey mare.

Gland. Spaeman! The truth of a' their saws I doubt:
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Jenny returns, bringing Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Your welcome, honest carle—here tak a seat.

Sir Wm I give ye thanks, goodman, I'll be blate,

Gland drinks.

Gland. Come, t'ye friend—how far came ye the day?
Sir Wm. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but a little way,

Rousted

ACT III. *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD. 27

Rousted with cild, a wie piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay all night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gie.

Sir. Wm. That's kind unfought.—Well gin ye have a bairn
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Symon. Only this lad, alake! I hae nae mae,
Eikher to make me joyful now or wae. (sneer!)

Sir Wm. Young man lets see your hand—What gars you

Patie. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wm. Ye cut before the point; but, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Befeech us to!—and well a wat that's true;
Awa', awa'! the Deel's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Wm. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

Elspa. A laird!—hear ye, goodman!—what think ye now.

Symon. I dinna ken! strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart—'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come turn the timber to laird *Patie's* health.

Patie's health goes round.

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa cuts my trusty tenants on the beat,
Is a' my great estate,—and like to be,
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht *Patie*;—let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

Sir Wm. looks a little at *Patie's* hand, then counterfeits
falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posses't
With some nae good,—or second sight at least.
Where is he now?—

Gland. ———He's seeing a' that's done,
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowk, his peace be here
See things far off, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb.—Wow can he tell,
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himself)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whish, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

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Symon. He'll grow better.—*Elspa*, haste ye gae
And fill him up a tafs of ulquebae.

Sir William starts up and speaks,

*A knight that for a L I O N foughs
Against a herd of bears,
Was to long time and trouble brought,
In which some thousand shares :
But now again the L I O N raves,
And joy spreads o'er the plain,
The L I O N has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight in a few days will bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bauld.
He Mr. P A T R I C K shall be call'd :—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tauld,
For it shall happen true.*

Symon. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel:
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
To tell some tales that Fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tauld you in your Deep?

Sir Wm. Howe'er I get them ne'er fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to aye wi' any hero,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpl'd meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o'er hill and dale.

Gland. 'Tis nae sma' sport to see how *Sym* believes,
And taks for gospel what the spaeman gives,
Of fawing fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wish we trow at any rate.

Sir Wm. Whillt, doubtfu' case, for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gland. Well, be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair;
But I hav' a sonsy lassie young and fair,
Plump-ripe for men: I wish you could forsee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sr Wm. Nae mair through secrets can I list,
Till darkness black the bent,

I have

II. **ACT III. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 29**

I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wm. Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r, to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syn'e sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes p lay,
My heart's still light, albeit my locks are grey.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE III.

*Jenny pretends an errand home,
Young Roger drops the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight they meet,
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. Dear *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak;
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Faith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts bairn een and morn,
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nae.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie;

Jenny. I love my father, cousin *Mac* I love,
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

C 3

Roger

Roger. How lang, dear *Jenny*——say na that again
 What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain;
 I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
 Wha kens but you may rue and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
 On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
 Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
 But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
 Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
 When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
 Ane wakes a wife as he wou'd buy a mare:
 Or when dull parents bairns together bind
 Of different tempers that can ne'er prove kind.
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 (Tho' thou shou'd scorn) still to deelyte in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can sa',
 But girning marriage comes and ends them a'
 I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
 And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies:
 I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
 The day unclouded sink in calmest night:
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean, without stain:
 The bridegroom may be blythe, the bride may smile,
 Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain
 The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain;
 For I maun awn, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company.
 And ever had a warmness in my breast,
 That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!
 This Gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a fir'd
 With wondering love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
 Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and stars away,
 And feily at the quick return of day!
 O *Jenny*! let my arms about thee twine,
 And briss thy bonny breast and lips to mine.

A& III. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

Which may be sung as follows: SANG XIII. *Lush-wind.*

Jenny. Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid, tesor with love,
 Few words will quickly gain:
 For I, must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has long, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger. I'm happy now, ah! let my head,
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind!
 O! let me bris thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightsu' thought, we'll never part,
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

Jenny. With equal joy my faster heart gives way,
 To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
 Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
 There shall not be a kindlier dauter'd wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jenny. Well, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
 Get his consent,—he'll hardly say you nay.
 Ye have what will commend you to him weel,
 Auld folk like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.*

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my father gae,
 Make him content to give consent,
 I e'll hardly say you nae;
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel.
 Since Pa entis auld think love grows could,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my lin had bid and sworn,
 But thee I wad have nane,
 Then never range; nor lean to change,
 Lie these in high degree:
 And if you prove faithfu' in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,
 As many newcal in my byers rowt;
 Five packs of woo' I can at *Lammas* sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
 With meikle care my thrifty mither made,
 Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a', which now gi's joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my dear, to thee.
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my *Jenny* should the famen skair.
 My love and a' is yours; now had them fast;
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best—but see wha comes this way,
Patie and *Peg*.—besides I maunna stay;
 Let's steal frae iher now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh tree shades the mennin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool;
 Keep tryft, and meet me there; there let us meet,
 To kiss and tell our love—there's naught sae sweet.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the Knight and Symon,
 Within the gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the baron shown his face;
 But joking with the shepherd leel,
 As peers the gate he lens fou weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wm. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Symon. To one that lost it, lending generous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Wha fills us a' with joy, now he's come hame.

*(Sir William drops his masked beard,
 Symon transported sees
 The welcome knight with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master! do I braethe!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenant's sight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight,

Sir Wm. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due Obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ;——neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty : since without estate
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bough and blate.

Sir Wm. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their sauls a cast,
And turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat sir, ye have spoken true.
For there's laird *Kaie's* son, that's loo'd by few ;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name :
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace :
Oppressing all, as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin ;
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust,
To his ain family, as to give him trust.

Sir Wm. Such useles branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health ;
Unworthy bare reflection——*Symon*, run
O'er all your observations on my son :
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise the longest summer day
Wad be o'er short,——cou'd I them right display.
In word or deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave :
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell wha's cause is best ;
And his decree stands good ;——he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Wm. Your tale much pleases——my good friend proceed :
What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Symon. Baith wonder weel ; for troth I didna spare,
To gi'e him at the school enough of lair ;
And he delytes in books ;——he reads and speaks,
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir.

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Sir Wm. Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to *Edinburgh port*;
He buys some books of history, fangs, and sport;
Nor does he want of them a outh at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill;
About ane *Shakespear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men:
How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing,
And ane ca'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
About fine Poems, histories, and plays;
When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Wm. He answer'd well, and much ye glad mine ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays* on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haf read haf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our sell?

Sir Wm. Well jested, *Symon*—but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er;
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosie cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, or caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa or three times mair sweet
With *Gland's* fair niece than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear,
A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

Sir Wm. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonders my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit *Symon*.

Sir William

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Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 The happy hour cancels the toil of years;
 A thousand toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And cares vanish like a morning dream;
 When with't for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 Ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 Must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve:
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine,
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in a former page.

Glaud's onset.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MAUSE.

OUR laird's come hame! and owns young *Pate* his heir!
 That's news indeed!—

Madge.—As true as ye stand there.
 As they were dancing all in *Symon's* yard,
 Sir *William*, like a warlock with a beard
 Five nives in length. and white as driven snaw,
 Among us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'?*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirl'd forth a book;
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his een,
 Then paukily pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the rate of woo,
 While flee rod laurie hads without his mow,
 When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 A summer days slides backward in a pool.
 In short, he did for *Pate* brae things foretel,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell:

A:

36 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT IV.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Thou'd aff his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
 His welcome master,——round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and tyne for blythness gat.
Patrick was sent for,——happy lad is he!

Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me;
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
 And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, na sae meikle as to *Pate* himsel.

Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, whae kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain;
 Even kings have taen a queen out of the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root but tocher good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in king *Bruce*'s days might be;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif *Pate* forsakes, *Bauldy* she may gain,
 Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain,
 Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin doof! it sets him weel
 To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to till;
 Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young master lee——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 And so wad I: But whist! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

Jenny said to *Jockey*, gin ye winna sell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae; ——lasses will come to at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

Mause. Well *Bauldy*, how gaes a'

Baldy ——Faith unco right;

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny *Peggy* wha maun think nae mair
 On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William*'s heir.
 Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,
 While *Meg*'s in dumps, put in a word for me;
 I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* can prove,
 Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge.

V. A& IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 37

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time your heart to hers was sworn.
Fy, *Bauldy*, blush. and vows of love regard;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse of heaven hangs ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

Bauldy. Sae grae a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest,
Ye leed, *auld rouds*—and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can slyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I take ye witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd us bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog! —————.

*Flies to his hair like a fury. — A stout battle,
—— Mause endeavours to rid them.*

Mause. Let gang your grips! Fy *Madge*! howt *Bauldy*, leen.
I wadna wish this *Tulzie* had been seen,
'Tis sae daft-like. —————

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches
with a bleeding nose.*

Madge. ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whither I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they did, their bairns's bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, my noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallaw, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt no; ye'll e'en befriends with honest *Bauldy*.
Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie'im, I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae spite,
But she aousing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happened. and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face gae greer,
And ow a your fault to her that ye wad cheat. Gae

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Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till to perform ye learn, as well as swear.
Vow and lowp back!—Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him, dail! he's ae'r lang out of hell.

Bauldy running off.

Bauldy. His presence be about us! Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Madge laughing.

Exit Bauldy

Madge. I think I have towzled his harrigals a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye town'd him tightly.—I commend 't
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges folk resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply:
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist:
A linen sheet wond round me, like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines red with setting light. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.*

ROGER and PATIE.

Roger. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart loup light;
If Mr Patrick, ay your thoughts were right. *Sure*

A& IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 39

Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.
My *jeany* now, wha brake my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn:
I spak my mind—the heard—I spak again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't: But O! my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gentle, kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did mingled thus o'er a' my thoughts prevail,
That speechless lang my late kind lire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.

But he has heard—too faithful *Symon's* Fear,
Has brought my love for *Peggy* to his ear;
Which he forbids—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand,
But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause;
But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherde's excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

Or sung as follows; S A N G XV, Kirk wad let me be

*Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be o'er'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my heart is no enry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won;
Your *Peggy's* bonny—you're his only son.

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Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here! —Or are ye gawn away
To London court, and ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor *Us* with broken hearts?

Patie. To *Edinburgh* straight, To-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to *France*;
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa or three other monkey tricks.—That done,
I come home strutting in my red-heel'd shoon:
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger. They who have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.—
Good Mr *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's he same,
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bless we can procure
Frae 'boon the list.—Without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields bra content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:
Fine claiaths, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeyant servants, honour, wealth, and ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hangs hovering o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roast;—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side;
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowks o'erlaid with ease:
While o'er the moor the shepherd with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Roger. Lord man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pan

AA IV. *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD. 41

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books. I gat some skill
These best can teach what's real good and ill,
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith I'll hae books, tho' I should tell my ky:
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. *Exit Roger;*

Patie solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken the loves, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heaven support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red.

My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wout, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land?

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with thee remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own,
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey:

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentle face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire!

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Then I: poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome *Patie*
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the Blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the rattling gang,
 When *Patie* kifs'd me when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair alak! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin haft breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As aft times I hae fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the *Foggy Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow;—'twill help to give me ease:
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVI. Woes my heart that
 we should sunder.

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sin'ing under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* sunder.
 A gentle face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alak poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy *Peggy's* bosom.
 No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his *Peggy's* praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows, where we often stray'd,
 Ye tanks, where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 Thou'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
 Again, ah! shall I ne'er creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure heaven approves,—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:

ACT IV. *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD. 43

And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this ille:
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind,
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life but little worth my care.
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away till thou with joy appear,
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.
I'll gain on uncle Gland; he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVII. *Tu cedside.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break,
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sae for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Where'er he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height as becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.

Nor

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*Nor age, nor the changes of life
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's in grain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

Patie. ————— That's wisely said;
And what your uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up' state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still amongst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather sicca sense,
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landward cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. With every setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns to run and play;
And to the hassel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. S A N G XVIII. Bush aboon Traquair.

*At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of hea- en thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.*

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AA V. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 45

I'll visit afit the Birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and bid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain,
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts un-cign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

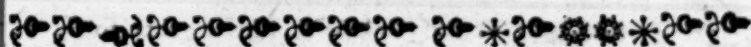
Patie. My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which as a sample of each lovely chain,
I'll often kiss and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Wer't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in a jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime;
Love's faster meaning better is express,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

Exeunt.

END of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how Bauldy stares like ane posselt.
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-legg'd with night-cap and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the set.*

SYMON.

WHAT want ye Bauldy at this silent hour,
When drowsy sleepkeep a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the North the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the light.
What gars ye shake and ower and look fac wan?
Your teeth they chatter like bristles stand.
Bauldy. Olen me some waler, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with shaking fail,

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane,
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.

I'll ne'er o'er put it! *Symon, O Symon, O!*

Symon gives him a drink.

Symon. What ails thee, gowk, to make so loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Wm. How goes the night? Does day light yet appear?
Symon. you're very timeously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's Sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with the guest.

Bauldy. O ay! — dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Wm. I lang to hear't.

Bauldy. ——— A! Sir, that witch ca'd *Mause*,

That wins aboon the hill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trust'd, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o'ts like to freeze my blood?)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corpse, in sheet as white as milk.
Blac'd hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wout to be at school:
My heart out of its hole was like to lowp,
I pichle's grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due:
I'm sure my heart will neer gi'e o'er to dunt
Till in a fat tar-barrel *Mause* be burnt.

Sir Wm. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Mause* be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa or three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the deel. *Exit Bauldy.*

Sir Wm. Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport,

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What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want of education, blind.

Symon. But does your honour think ther's nae sic thing
As witches raising deels up thro' a ring;
Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wm. Such as the deil's dancing in a moor,
Amangst a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp,
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft times like bawty, badrans, or a sow;
Then with this train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or Broom staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'r the main,
To drink their leader's health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools:
Whate'ers in spells, or if there witches be,
Such Whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life.
That gars me think this hobleshaw that's past,
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wm. I'm sure it will. — But see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G XIX. Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray.
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day:
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishin' for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,

Where

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*Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair
With a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines mouty thro' the reek,
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I with my bairns, it may keep fair til night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light;
Nae doubt you now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of *Patrick*, or he gang:
But do you think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor;
But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kist'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Aye, aye, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that? Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll ne'er be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks shame to name.
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flusht'd,
Synae mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or hound with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir *William's* virtuous, and of gentle blood,
And may not *Patrick* too like him be good.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doom's-day, sin, and hell.

Jenny.

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Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doom's-day, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but cuse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm not saying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to sic gait's will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween *Maufe* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft spell,
At *Symon's* house, the Knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff.—*Madge* lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye, I'll step before. *Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor *Meg*!—Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen;
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at *Edinburgh* cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and a glancing headed cane:
To leave his Ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the Green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk;
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in *Hodden-gray*.

Peggy. Dear aunt what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
That's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I neer had not e'd *Patie* on the green.
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's mado for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, truth!—but we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the cause
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brake good Breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

E

Sir Wm.

50 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT V.

Sir Wm. And was that all?—well, *Bauldy*, ye was serv'd
Nae otherwise than what ye well deserv'd:
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

Mau'e. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ't weel,
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
Yet with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu' ———
And that my some place finds;—but I had best
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosy cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir William looking at Peggy.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and looks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter *Glaud*? ———

Glaud. ————Sir, she's my niece, ———
And yet she's not: —But I should had my peace.

Sir Wm. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not:—Pray, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt if I should mak appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

Mau'e. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wm. Speak soon, I'm all impatience! —

Patie. ————So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then since my master orders, I obey. —
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the Lee-side of my door, I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant-weeds, of rich and gentle make;
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake;
Wha, waise than brutes, could leave, expos'd to air,
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? For she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took

ACT V. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

I took her in my arms, the bairny smil'd,
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, she has past since syne,
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And I'm right sure she's come of gentle blood.
Of whom I kenna.—Naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wm. This tale seems strange!—

Patie. ————— The tale delights mine ear!

Sir Wm. Command your joys young man, till truth appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile—hou hast no cause to blush.
Long have I win'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now *Sir William Worthy* name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim;
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace,
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wm. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say,
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have,
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing, that looks like reason, want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wm. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading

Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me well; has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face, that you have often view'd,
That here I, as an un'nown stranger stand,
Who rurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand;
And stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }

Sir Wm. Ha, honest nurse! where were my eyes before
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more.
Yet, from the Lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind!

*Sir William embraces Peggy,
and makes her sit by him.*

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail,
But no more words till *Mause* relates her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, go on, nae mair's half sae fine,
Or can gie pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang, but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they'r now possess:
All this to me a confident contest.
I heard with horror and with trembling, dread
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I safely prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
For fear of being found out, I so secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this Shepherds door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here: that I,
Whate'er should happen to her might be by.
Here honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
Remember well, how I, that very day,
Frae *Roger's* father took my little cove.

Glaud, with tears of joy hopping down his beard.

I well remember't: Lord reward your love.
Lang have I with'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.
Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir with paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wm. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet Image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from thy father's hand,
With as good good will as either would demand.

*Patie and Peggy embrace,
and kneel to Sir William.*

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William raises them.

I give you both my blessing: may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

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Peggy. My wishes are compleat,—my joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprize:
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had!
Lang may Sir William blest these happy plains,
Happy while heav'n grants he on them remains.

Pate. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glau. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wm. The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And mak him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light, when put in ballance with my Pate;
For his sake only I'll ay thankfu' bow,
For such a kindness best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day?
I hope, now Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for you, of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you!
Even Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tauze, and pauky Mau'e's plot.

Sir Wm. Kindly, old man,—remain with you this day!
I never from these fields agin will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year,
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glau. God save the king! and save Sir William lang!
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance? Wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends with Mau'e,—with very Madge I'm 'greed,
Altho' they skelpt me, when I woodly fled.
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive;
And join and sing. Lang may Sir William live.

Madge. Lang may he live!—and Bauldy learn to steek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elie ye may some wi eh's sing re ban.

This

This day I'll with the youngest o'ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And my good nurse how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Wm. To faithfu' *Symon*, and kind *Glaud*, to you,)
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,)
The Maillens ye possess, as justly due,)
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove!

Patie presenting *Roger* to *Sir William*.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shair'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird,
Glaud's daughter *Jennet*, *Jenny* think nae shame,
Rais'd and maintain'd in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Wm. My son's demand is fare,—*Glaud*, let me crave,
That trusty *Roger* may your daughter have,
With frank consent, and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we say, }
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay? }
Whate'er your honour wills I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make;
Please him, be faithfu', and his auld grey head,
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Nor ever look'd to mak o'er-great a fraf
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir Wm. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The

ACT V. The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 35

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And aft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd;
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey,
I'll sing you one the newest that I hae.

SANG XX. Corn rigs are bonny.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his waking
The shining o' his een surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him lawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawt,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lov'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O Corn rigs are bonny.*

*Let lassies of a fl'y mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we fer yielding were design'd,
We chaffly should be granting.
Then I'll comp'y, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony,
He's free to r.wale air or lair,
While Corn rigs are bonny.*





RICHIEY and SANDY.

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RICHIEY.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear *Sandy*, say,
Chear up, dull fallow, tak thy reed and play
My *Apron deary*, or some wanton tune:
Be merry lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

Sandy. Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane,
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

Richiey. Wow man that's unco sad.—Is that ye're jo
Has ta'en the stunt?—or has some boggle-bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has some dawted wedder broke his leg?

Sandy. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born,
What's boggles—wedders—or what's *Maufy's* scorn?
Our loss is meikle mair, and past remeed,
Ædie, that play'd, and sang sae sweet, is dead.

Richiey. Dead! say'st thou? oh! had up my head, O *Pan*!
Ye gods, what laids ye lay on fecklels man!
Alake, therefore, I canna wyte ye're wae,
I'll bear ye company for year and day,
A better lad ne'er leant out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent;
Blyth at the bought how aft hae we three been,
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

Sandy. That's true indeed! but now thae days are gane,
And wi' him a' that's pleasant on the plain.
A summer day I never thought it lang,
To hear him make a roundel or a sang,
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of whimpling waters which in *Latham* flow:
Tytry, the *Man uan* herds, wha lang synfine
Best sung on Oaten reed the lover's pine,
Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' *Ædie* he had frankly dealt his bays.

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As lang's the world shall *Amaryllis* ken,
 His *Rosamond* shall echo thro' the glen;
 While on burn banks the yellow Gowan grows,
 Or wandering lambs rin bleating after cws,
 His fame shall last, last shall his song of weirs,
 While *British* bairns brag of their bauld forbears,
 We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest
 At spaining time, or at our *Lammas* feast.
 O *Richey*! but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
 Away the best fowk, and the ill anes leaves.
 Hing down ye're heads, ye hills, greet out your springs,
 Upon your edge nae mair the shepherd sings.

Richey. Then he had ay a good advice to gi'e,
 And kend my thoughts amaisht as well as me;
 Had I been thowless, vext, or outlines sour,
 He wad have made me blyh in haff an hour.
 Had *Rosie* ta'en the doots,—or had the tod
 Worry'd my lambs;—or were my feet ill shod,
 Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
 And tawk of happiness like a divine.
 Of ilka thing he had an unco skill,
 He kend by Moon light how tides ebb and fill;
 He kend, what kend he no? e'en to a hair
 He'd tell o'er night gin neist day wad be fair.
 Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill spirit did the first mischief raise;
 Mony a time beneath the auld *Birk* tree,
 What's bonny in that sang he'd loot me see.
 The lassies aft flang down their rakes and pales,
 And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

Sandy. Sound be his sleep, and fast his waking be,
 He's in a bet'er case than thee or me;
 He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
 Their ain but back, he was a borrow'd len:
 Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
 Then we may yet forgather boon the lift.
 But see the sheep are wyling to the cleugh;
Thomas has lous'd his ousen frae the Pleugh;
Meggy by this has beuk the supper scones,
 And nuckle kye stand rowting on the loans,
 Come, *Richey*, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
 And mak the best of what we canna mend.

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